

LIME ROCK GAZETTE.

AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY JOURNAL, DEVOTED TO COMMERCIAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, &C.

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LIMEROCK GAZETTE.

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Guatemala.

We think our readers will find the following article very interesting. At the same time it must strike them, as it has us, that it is singular what important revolutions may take place in the provinces of Central and South America, without being known or thought of in the United States or Europe. Here the whole Spanish American dynasty has been overthrown, and supreme authority usurped by a wild native Indian. And this Indian leader has proved himself possessed of all the higher elements of a hero character. After having struggled successfully to attain power he has laid aside his wild and ferocious habits, and sought to qualify himself for a liberal and enlightened ruler. The article is from the N. O. Delta of August 25. It will be seen that it is a sequel to some remarks of the same paper of the day previous.

The demonstration of one of the States of Central America, referred to by us yesterday, is a serious move, which demands the prompt and judicious action of our government. Since the failure of Stephen's embassy, who, unfortunately, arrived in the country in the midst of the fierce and sanguinary revolution between the Centralists and Federalists, and the insurrection of Carrera against both parties, and could not, therefore, determine to which power he should present his credentials, we have had no diplomatic intercourse with the States of Central America. This has been an error, an unwise omission on our part. The Government of those States for the last eight or ten years, considering the bad example set them by their nearest neighbor, has exhibited extraordinary ability and efficiency, Carrera, though a young, unlettered, inexperienced, wild Indian, has in an incredibly short time prepared himself for judicious and successful administration of the disguised Dictatorship which he wields over these States. He is truly a wonderful man, whose career seems more like the wild creation of a poet or romancer than the sober reality of history. A few years ago he was a wild Indian, as untameable and bloodthirsty as the cougar which lurks in his native forests. Possessed of great agility, personal strength, fortitude, courage and perseverance, he soon became a prominent leader of the small band of Indian robbers which infest the country.

Aroused by a deep personal injury inflicted by one of the officers of the Liberalists, and by a knowledge of the wrongs and oppression exercised over the aboriginal race by the foreigners and their descendants, Carrera was enabled to assemble around his banner of "green leaves" a large force of Indians, who, armed with a few old guns, their primitive bows and arrows, and the terrible machete, a long sharp knife, kept the whole country in a continual state of alarm. Taking advantage of the disputes between the Centralists and Federalists, he fell indiscriminately upon both parties. In vain the whites attacked and defeated him in every direction. His fortitude, perseverance and resources were inexhaustible. Wounded more than nine times, driven to the mountains and forests, and hunted like a wild beast, he would still maintain himself, and as soon as his enemies returned to the towns, would reappear at the head of a large force and march immediately upon the City of Guatemala. He succeeded at last in capturing this town, occupied it with his wild and naked Indians, and so terrified the inhabitants that they agreed to consent to get rid of him. His terms were the payment of a small sum of \$14,000, which would be a fortune to himself and his poor Indian followers. For himself, personally, he demanded a few cigars, and a full faced cocked hat and a general's uniform. These terms were joyfully acceded to, and Carrera retired to his native jungle. But here he did not remain quiet. A cunning and designing priest who perceived his good qualities and the uses to which they could be applied, prompted him to take advantage of the disordered condition of the country and to assume the government himself. He adopted the suggestion, marched his Indian rabble again into Guatemala, defeated Morazan and his party, and succeeded in putting down all opposition and installed himself as Dictator of the States of Central America.

But the greatest of all his victories was that which he achieved over his savage passions and ignorance. He employed tutors to teach him to read and write and the rudiments of education, and in a very short time supposed himself with the necessary knowledge to conduct the ordinary duties of government. He is said now to be a good scholar and an excellent ruler. Though at times the natural ferocity of the Indian will leak out and prompt him to deeds of violence and blood, he is reputed to be by no means habitually cruel, domineering or self-willed.

Altogether, he is one of the most remarkable men which this Continent has ever produced, and should the States of

Central America be induced to intermeddle in the contest between Mexico and the United States, he will, no doubt, play a conspicuous part in the stirring events of the future history of this war.

Our Government, we repeat, has been remiss in failing to keep up friendly diplomatic relations with these States. Their commercial importance, as well as their political position, makes it proper that such intercourse should be kept up. This territory includes the best ports on the Pacific and the Gulf of Mexico. Its products are valuable, and its foreign trade considerable. England, always desirous of securing a foot hold on this continent, has a colony on the Gulf of Mexico, extending some hundreds of miles, and embracing the best portion of the coast, where mahogany and logwood grows in great luxuriance, and where there are several fine ports. Belize is a prosperous town, settled by the English and multitudes, and governed by a Governor appointed by the Queen of England and a Council, partly appointed and partly elected.

The object of England in obtaining the long slip of land along the bay of Honduras was to render the people of the interior States dependent upon English favor for ports and markets for their produce intended for exportation. There is no doubt that his arrangement has been so far successful as to give the English great influence in the affairs of the people in the interior States. How far this influence has been, can or will be used to our prejudice, it is not possible to say; but we think if English policy has been carried out in Honduras with the same vigor of hostility to our institutions which marks all its designs and arrangements in reference to this continent, it will not be difficult to trace this movement of the State of Honduras to its true source and cause. To oppose these intrigues of the English, to detect and frustrate these designs against our country, it behoves our Government speedily to repair the fault and supply the omission which we have but just now discovered, and send a diplomatic agent to the States of Guatemala with full authority to treat with such Government or Governments as exists de facto in that large and important territory.

Progress of Discovery in Central Africa.

We learn from the London Spectator, that individual enterprise bids fair to accomplish results in Central Africa, far beyond those of governmental action. Captain Beccroft, under the auspices of Robert Jameison, a Liverpool merchant, has succeeded in establishing the fact that the interior of that continent is accessible for navigation and trade. He has examined the navigation to Timbuctoo, so that only forty miles of the great river remain to be explored; and has discovered that the Niger is the key to several regions of beautiful and fertile country, peopled by diverse races, and offering opportunities for an incalculable commerce. The unhealthy climate extends to only a short distance from the seaboard. As you ascend, the healthiness of the country is equal to that of the tropics generally. The inhabitants are negroes, warlike and rude, but eager for trade, except on the Middle Niger, above Iddah, where they look like Arab, and are more civilized, and congregate in towns so large that one town was estimated to contain 20,000 souls. These are prejudiced against strangers from the west by stories of Arab dealers from across the continent, who are anxious to monopolize the trade.

The requisites for a successful commerce in these regions are, iron steamers of comparatively light draught and great engine power, hardy and discreet officers, trading managers of great tact, and crews mostly of African blood.

Ivory and vegetable tallow, pepper, indigo, cotton wool, palm oil, a sort of caravans or haricot beans, dye woods, timber woods, skins, and a great variety of produce that is but slightly known, invite the trade.

A LIFE PRESERVER FOR THRASHERS.—Take a piece of the finest sponge, large enough to cover the mouth and nostrils, hollow it out so as to fit closely; tack a tape string around the outside, long enough for the ends to tie over the top of the head; soak the sponge in soft water and squeeze the water out with the hand, then when ready to commence work tie it on tightly and evenly so as to cover the mouth and nostrils completely. You can breathe and talk through the sponge almost as freely as without it—(though it will trouble those who use the "filthy weed," and you can thrash where the dust from the machine rises like a dense fog around the head, and the lungs will be as free from harm as if you were hoeing corn. I have thrashed with a machine for the past four years, and always suffered much from the dust inhaled into the lungs, until last year, when I tried the sponge; and I can truly say it has been a life-preserver to me. [Ohio Cultivator.]

NAMES.—The Spanish Real, in Massachusetts, is called a "nine-pence," in New York a "shilling," in Maryland a "levy," in South Carolina a "seven pence," and in Louisiana a "bit"; the half Real in Massachusetts "four-pence-a-ha-penny," in New York "six-pence," in Maryland a "tip," and in Louisiana a "pica-yune."

The Sun has now, says Professor Mitchell, a spot on its surface, of sufficient dimensions for our Earth to pass through.

Dreadful Massacre.

An English paper copies from a Monte Video paper the following account of a series of atrocities said to have been perpetrated on board the brig Avon of Liverpool, off the coast of Patagonia. The particulars are extracted from the log-book of the vessel, and related by individuals on board of the vessel:

"The Avon, Captain John Eaton, proceeded from Liverpool to Patagonia, in search of minerals. She arrived at her destination, about eight months ago, and has had, since then, frequent and friendly communication with the Indians who occupy the regions touched at. When in the bay known by the English as Watchman Cape, and which is in the 48th degree of south latitude, Captain Eaton made a contract to carry some cargo further south. On his way to the point agreed on he entered the river Santa Cruz, whose mouth and port are in 50 S., chiefly to water. He had been there on previous occasions, and maintained friendly intercourse with the Indians of the right, or southern bank of that river. On the 13th of May last, one of the sailors, who had gone ashore for the purpose of arranging for the purchase of some horses, made signal for the boat to be sent to him. Captain Eaton went in person, and entered into communication with the Indians of the left bank, who, although they had formerly shown themselves less disposed than those of the right, received him nevertheless, in a friendly manner, and even requested to be allowed to go on board. Five of them accordingly accompanied the captain. In the mean time, Mr. Randall, the mate, James Daniels, steward, James Mullen and John Stewart, seamen, and James Watson, an apprentice, went ashore in the launch, taking with them some useless horses to change them for others. The captain, finding that they delayed a long time, shouted to them from the ship; no answer being made, he fired off a pistol to call their attention, but no one appeared. Then one of the Indians on board spoke in his own language to those on shore, and immediately afterwards the sailors were seen running into the water, attempting to escape from the Indians. The mate (Randall) and a sailor were drowned, another sailor was killed by a shot from the Indians, and the remaining three were carried off prisoners.

While time was thus passing on the coast, the five Indians on board suddenly attacked the rest of the people, consisting of six men, including the captain. They killed the latter in a most barbarous manner, wounded the second mate, George Wright in the back, threw overboard Mr. Win. Douglas, the freighter of the vessel, and another person, both of whom they afterwards picked up out at sea, when they had killed the captain.

The second mate and the rest of the sailors defended themselves. The Indians became pacified, saying, in bad Spanish, mixed with worse English that they would not kill the good sailors. *Marinero bono no killed*, are their words, as entered in the log-book.

Soon after several Indians came off in a launch, steered by one of the captured sailors; they plundered the ship, giving the preference to articles of brass over everything else, even before gold and silver. The captain's body they threw into the sea horribly mutilated, with the head almost severed from the trunk. They carried off Mr. Douglas, and left behind them on board ten or a dozen of their own people. On the following day they returned in the boat, managed by the sailors, their prisoners. They made the shore again, and again pushed for the ship, which they reached. They took off everything that had been collected by the Indians they had left on board the day before; made the sailors convey them on shore in boats, and, having disembarked themselves and their plunder, sent off the sailors who had not been attacked on the shore; they remained with Mr. Douglas and the three men whom they had seized from the beginning.

The sailors having returned on board, but to sea for this port. The second mate (Wright), who was come in command of the vessel, is cured of his wound.

Such are the particulars which appear in the log book. The regularity of the statement, and the further details which we have heard from a competent person who examined the people on board, leaves us no room to suspect their exactness, much less since they affirm that Mr. Douglas and the three men are alive with the Indians.

NEW SOLDIER. Dissolve zinc in muriatic acid to saturation; add pulverized sal-ammoniac in this solution, and after boiling it for a short time it is ready for use. In using this compound, no cleaning of metal is necessary, however oxidized, and oil and other materials are dispensed with. It is only necessary to apply the compound, with a piece of sponge upon a stick or a feather, to the part which is to be soldered, in place of the article now used, to prevent oxidation, and facilitate the flow of the solder. Such is the efficacy, that if two pieces of bar, possessing considerable surface, be wet with this solution and pressed together, upon the application of the soldering tool, the solder will at once flow between the plates throughout. [Scientific American.]

When Lamb was a clerk in a mercantile house his employer complained to him that he was down late in the morning.—"Well," replied Lamb, "I am down late in the morning, I go early in the afternoon."

"Show Your Tickets!"

A RAILROAD SKETCH.

BY SOLITAIRE.

On the rail cars between Albany and Buffalo, the conductors are frequently changed, during a single trip, and as each new one takes charge, he announces himself in office by the exclamation—"Show your tickets!"

On a night trip, recently, a testy old Yankee was one of the passengers, and having exhibited his ticket to the first conductor, he carefully placed it in a well-worn pocket book, buttoned it up in the breast pocket of his coat, pulled his hat tightly on his head, and folding his arms, resigned himself to the care of Morpheus. His nasal organ had scarcely proclaimed him in dreamland, before another conductor came along, with, "Show your tickets!"

The old Yankee awoke with a snore, and having been made conscious of what was wanted, he exclaimed,

"I reckon you don't want to be seen' it all the time, dew you?"

"Once will do me, sir," said the conductor.

"Well, you have seen it that often," replied the old gentleman, "so you kin pass on."

The conductor insisted upon looking at it, and the disturbed passenger unbuttoned his coat, unstrapped the old pocket book, handed out the ticket, and the conductor passed by.

"Then fellows air mity ahead of gettin' chiselled," said he, as, placing his ticket in his vest pocket, he again resigned himself to sleep.

The conductor, thinking he had missed some of the passengers, came back again presently, and asked to see the tickets.

"What, agin'!" exclaimed the old man; "well, I sallow you air the most peskid bother I ever seed. Jest take a good look now, and have done."

The conductor passed on again, and the old man stuck his ticket in his hat-band, and this time got fairly to sleep. The motion of the car in a short time loosened his hat, and it fell off, which a sleepless wog in the car perceiving, he picked up the conductor's lamp, and, approaching the old gentleman, shouted in his ear—"Show your tickets!"

"Patience massy!" said the old man, "ef here aint one of them ticket fellars;" and then he pulled out his pocket book and searched it, but in vain. "You've got it," said he, "I gin it tew you, I know. Here it is!"

The fiat, amid the shuffling of the passengers' feet, had been kicked along under several different seats. After a busy search of some minutes, he thought he perceived it beneath a fat old lady's seat. In reaching for it, he awoke her.

"What do you want?" she inquired, snappishly, as even the most amiable old lady would do when awakened out of a sound sleep.

"I'm only reachin' for my hat, marm," said he; "it's got under your seat."

"I tell you 'taint," said she. "That's a nice excuse to be comin' feelin' round a body with, when they're asleep. I'll tell the agent; see if I don't."

"Why, good gracious, marm," said he, "you might sleep an ago in the same bidden with me, and I'd never dream of techin' you."

"You mightn't dream of doin' so," said she, "but you aint a bit too good to, I'll be bound—comin' wukin' people up in the middle of the night, when they're all alone, (there were fifty in the car,) talkin' about a hat—why don't you git your hat, if it's there, and go away; but I think, for any reasonable person—always a disturbin' people this way—why don't you take it, I say?"

Thus commanded, the distressed old gentleman reached under the seat at the dark-looking object which he fancied was his hat, and the old lady's small pet dog, which he caught hold of by the neck, seized him in turn by the fingers, with a *un-u-u-wough!*

"Or-ah! cuss the consarned thing!" exclaimed he; "why, it's a live varmint!"

"Now!" said the old lady, "I reckon you're satisfied that it aint the kind of hat you're lookin' for, and you can go somewhere else and search for your old hat."

A jolt of the cars here nearly threw him into her lap, on which she gave a slight scream and called for protection.

"Perhaps this is your hat, sir," said the wag who personated the conductor, at the same time handing him his chapaneau, with the ticket safe in the hat-band. With an exclamation of pleasure, he seized it.

"Here, take the consarned ticket, will you?" he exclaimed, handing it out promiscuously; but every body refused.

"Wont nobody hev it?" he inquired. "I vow tew gracious, I wont carry it another mimit!"

"Show your tickets!" exclaimed the conductor, entering, to which he added, "We are at Auburn, gentlemen."

"Here, take it," said the old Yankee, in a high state of excitement; "I'd just rather be looked up in your dod-ratted old jail here, than travel by night on these wiggins. A man's eternally showin' his ticket, runnin' agin cross dogs, or what's an all-fired sight wuss, cross old wimin!"

As he leaped from the car, his waggish tormentor shouted after him—"Show your tickets!"

"Darn your tickets, and the hull billin' on yo!" he shouted back, as, making tracks for the hotel, he disappeared in the darkness.—*St. Louis Reville.*

From the Sunday Mercury. SHORT PATENT SERMON.

BY DOW JR.

I shall spin a discourse from this text: "I've been thinking, I've been thinking, What a fleeting world this is."

My hearers—in this fleeting world, whatever comes must shortly go—disappear like barn-swallows at the latter end of summer. As brother Bowshin once truly remarked, "What's here to-morrow is gone yesterday. Time Hallos 'shoo!" to the whole living flock, and away they scamper out of the flowery vale of youth—up the green hill-sides of maturity, to the semi-barren highlands of age; and push on like so many buffaloes, for the fearful precipice! Poor Mortality! doomed to drudgery, disappointment and death, sits down as soon as she can thread a needle, and makes herself a shroud. She sows assiduously, but the shades of evening begin to gather ere the last stitch is taken. And you brethren, whereabouts do you stand between the beginning and the end? You may think it a great way from one extremity to the other; but O, ye victims of a wretched optical illusion! let me tell you, that if you were now to strip preparatory to an internal sleep, you could stand exactly where you are, and with one hand toss your boots into your cradle while with the other you hang your hat on your gravestone. Verily, life is so short that any middle-aged-to-be-chewer might easily lay his quid upon the tomb, and turn round and spit upon the step-stone to the door of being.

My friends—Hope and memory are both lying jades. One tells you that your life has an amazingly long tail, tapering to a spindle; and the other would fain make you believe you are scarcely a ton's hop from the suburbs of childhood. Believe them not, for they are gay deceivers. Hope erects a ladder, like that in the patriarch's dream, with its foot upon earth and the top resting upon the cornice of heaven. Accompanied by angels you begin to ascend it; but ere the middle round be reached, the bottom slips and down you go ker-flummux.—The angels take care of themselves. And thus you are deceived in relation to the length, breadth and prospects of your early existence. Poor insects of an hour! elated with hope, puffed with pride and spurred with ambition, you scrabbled about upon the graves of your ancestors for a brief while—then kneel upon your backs, give a conclusive kick or two, mingle with ancient mould; and then another set of human beings comes along, to crawl and scratch among your ashes, with the same careless unconcern that you delved amid the dust of those that lived, and moved, and had a being before you. And you, young blooming daughters of mortality!—evanescent, ephemeral butterflies of fortune, fashion and folly! let your beautiful souls flutter to-day upon their spangled pinions, among the flowers of fancy, love and fun, while morning dews of delight still glitter upon their petals; for, to-morrow your sport is over. Autumnal winds are blowing—hoar-frosts are falling—your charms are fading, and you must go the way of all butterflies, and other fleeting emblems of beauty and vanity. Go it, all ye "g'hals" and all ye "b'hoys," as much as you can while you are young; for, in the narrow circumference of youth, there isn't room to go to any fearful extent, and you don't stay there long enough to do much damage to yourselves and posterity. Soon you are out—and then you joy steadily along the plain road of life, as soberly as an old ox, who seems somewhat seriously to moralize as he goes, in memory of the antics and capers that he cut in the green pastures of his call-hood. Go it, young folks, for Time's going it!—and so am I—with a hitch and hobble.

My hearers—this is a fleeting world, and no mistake. The bright visions of youth—how soon they are flown! The beautiful bubbles of hope—how suddenly they burst! The hot furnace of love—how soon it grows cold! The blossoms of friendship—how fast they fade! How swiftly the seasons fly!—Hot-whisky-punch time, shad time, pea time, and cucumber time, green corn time, and apple time, glimmer in blended confusion as we behold them at a glance, like so many spokes in the swift-revolving wheel of the year. Even now, while I am talking—minutes go past me like little kill-fish through a mill flume; and these little minutes, my friends, are the sands in the glass of Time. Soon they shall cease to run—the lights shall be blown out in the hills of the firmament—the embers of life will expire on the hearth-stone of the heart—and you will all sleep the sleep that knows no terrestrial waking. No waking!—no, not even if a heavy debtor were to put a speaking trumpet to your ear, and bellow loud enough to stun the cherubim, that he had come with the rhu-no, and was ready for a settlement.—What is the lot of mortality?—to bud to bloom, to bloom to fade, to fade to fall, and to fall to flourish again in some supermundane sphere. That's all—and it is accomplishing its destiny with a most wonderful rapidity. Look about the visible world and see how transitory—how fleeting—are all sibilary things.—The flies, the bees, the bugs, the birds, the babies, the spider's webs, the toad-stools, the fogs, the vapors, the smoke, the flowers, the grass and all such vegetables, are emblematical of the shortness and uncertainty of human life. They tell you that you are trotting as straight to eternity as a thirsty dog to a rivulet, and with the fleetness of a mouse across the meadow. I would offer an opinion con-

cerning your future situation, but my thoughts became broken-winged in beating, like bats, about old tomb-stones and dusky charnel houses—therefore, I shall keep them caged in my own bosom. But I hope and trust that the railroad velocity with which you speed through time will give you sufficient time to carry you far enough into eternity to prevent your ever returning to such a wicked, deceitful, clothes-tearing and soul-worrying world as this is. So mote it be!

Good Management.

Should some young and inexperienced farmer, with small means to commence business, be benefited by this brief sketch from my pen, my highest object will be attained.

About ten years ago, I purchased fifty acres of land—forty improved, ten woodland—for which I paid \$41 per acre. I had, by prudence and industry, laid up \$500, which was all I was able to pay down. For the remainder I was in debt, and when I looked around on the old shattered buildings and the rotten old fences, the prospect to a young, inexperienced farmer, just starting in life, was somewhat discouraging. I was determined, however, to have some rules and regulations about the matter. I soon became a reader of the Cultivator, from which I learned some very useful lessons, and I determined I would stick to the old maxim—

"A little farm well tilled."

For the first four years of the above ten, I hired one man for about seven months per year; for the last six years, one man from eight and a half to nine months per year. This is all the help I have hired. One pair of horses has performed all my team work, and they have been fat winter and summer.

I have raised all kinds of grain except winter wheat. I will not occupy room in giving my experience in regard to cultivating all these crops, but will briefly describe an experiment I made in cultivating Indian corn.

I selected a piece of ground containing seven-eighths of an acre, cleared off all the stones, and spread on the surface 25 loads of coarse manure, which was turned under with the sword, about three inches deep. After ploughing, I spread about twelve loads of pulverized manure on the surface. The strongest of this was night-soil, the next hog manure. I harrowed it thoroughly and planted it to eight-rowed yellow corn—rows three feet apart each way; hood it three times. Perhaps I ought to state that I planted every hill of this corn myself, about the 6th of May. I was very particular in the work, so much so, that my hired man called me a "book farmer." However, I was proud of the name. In hoeing, I avoided the old fashioned way of hilling ten or twelve inches high, and kept the ground nearly level, well stirred and loosened.

In harvesting my corn it was all measured in a bushel basket, every bushel making, if shelled, a plump half bushel. I had 152 1-2 bushels of ears, equal to 76 1-4 bushels of shelled corn—or at the rate of \$5 3-4 bushels per acre. The corn, at 68 cents per bushel, amounted to \$51.85.

The corn fodder was worth \$3, and the pumpkins grown on the lot, \$2—making the whole produce of the seven-eighths of an acre, \$56.85. The cost of cultivation was \$16, leaving \$40.85 clear profit.

The following spring I ploughed this piece of ground some two inches deeper than when it was ploughed for corn, and sowed it to spring wheat, soaked in brine, and well rolled in lime. I had 22 bushels of the first quality, worth \$1.50 per bushel, and which afforded me a clear profit of \$32. The same piece was seeded to clover and timothy, and the third year from the time it was broken up, gave two tons of good hay, worth \$8 per ton.—Calling the cost of cutting, &c., \$4, the clear profit from the hay was \$12. Thus seven-eighths of an acre gave a clear profit in three years, of \$80.85, or \$95.95 per acre.

I will give the product of ten cows for the last season. I commenced with eleven, but one by accident was rendered unfit for the dairy, and was slaughtered. My cows are not yet arranged to my mind, yet I have five which I value at \$50 each—the remainder not more than \$30 each. I sold from the ten cows 4,067 lbs. of cheese, and 812 lbs. of butter. Our family consists of four or five persons the year round. We used 220 lbs. cheese, and, by estimation, 188 lbs. butter—making the whole quantity produced by the cows 4,300 lbs. cheese, and 1,000 lbs. butter. The cheese was sent to Boston, by a merchant of our town, and brought us over \$6 per hundred. Our butter for the past ten years has been sold mostly at New Lebanon Springs. As to quality those who purchase it can answer for this.

In my course of farming I have made no expenditures except such as I have been able to make from the produce of the farm. I have expended \$3,400 for land, about \$1,500 for buildings, to say nothing of increase of stock, farming implements, fences, blind ditches, under-drains, &c.—H. MATTHEWS, of New Lebanon, in the Albany Cultivator.

DESpondency. Desponding again, hey? What did you tell us yesterday? That you were contented and happy, and intended to remain so. Yet to-day you are down in the mouth. What do you mean by such folly? What if every thing does not go right? Is that a reason for your course? Away with your vinegar phiz—look up and catch the reflection of the glorious skies and be happy.

Breathe not a sentiment—say not a

word—give not an expression of countenance to offend another, or send a thrill of pain through his bosom. We are surrounded by sensitive hearts, which a word, a look even, might fill to the brim with sorrow. If you are careless of the opinion and expression of others, remember that they are differently constituted from yourself, and never, by a word or sign, cast a shadow on a happy heart, or throw aside the smiles of joy that love to linger on a pleasant countenance.

"Minds destined to a glorious shape
Must first be afflicted;
Wine issues from the trodden grape,
Iron's blistered into steel."

Remember this, and when you feel like jumping overboard—hanging yourself, or running away from human society, lose not sight of the idea, that adversity has its uses, and often times, in the language of Shakespeare—but we forget the quotation and stop short.

Portland Bulletin.

LIMEROCK GAZETTE.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER, 30, 1837.

Gen. Scott.

We wish to premise what we are about to say of Gen. Scott, with the observation, that because we see fit to speak of him, we therefore are not about to commit ourselves to support his claims to the Presidency. The characters and the exploits of our great men and heroes are the property of history, and to speak of them with commendation and admiration is the province and the right of all,—whether standing on the broad ground of independent neutrality, or narrowing their influence to the selfish and belittling interests of party. Twice only in our editorial columns we have spoken briefly of the military character of Taylor. We spoke then as *all* speak; but, forsooth, some *knowing* ones, who have more ability and more disposition to give currency to false conjectures than to observe closely and speak truly what may be the plain facts of the case, have loved to stand at the corners of the streets and proclaim that we are receding from our professedly neutral ground.—This is the reason why we wish it to be distinctly understood that we are not about to advocate the claims of Gen. Scott to the Presidency, because we see fit to speak of him with pride and admiration.

We are not aware that it has ever been doubted of Gen. Scott that his military abilities are singularly great and extraordinary. Even the plain spoken truths that he uttered over his "hasty plate of soup" have commended themselves to the judicious and reflecting, and it has been conceded that the judgment of the commander-in-chief of the army, as to what was the best mode of conducting a campaign, might by possibility be as valuable as that of those whose previous opportunities had given them no extraordinary qualifications towards forming correct opinions on such subjects. When Gen. Scott started for Mexico it is very plainly understood what his requirements were, and all the events of the campaign have justified his foresight. As soon as he found himself upon the ground, and in possession of only a portion of the means that he expected, and that were promised to him, he commenced his operations with an energy and precision that deserved and obtained, in an incredibly short time, the capitulation of the strongest fortress on this continent. This was an achievement that astonished all Europe, as much as it delighted our own country. Scarcely stopping to breathe his troops under the walls of the castle, he started on route for the great crowning object of the campaign, the reduction of the city of Mexico. At Cerro Gordo he again encountered the enemy, vastly superior in numbers, commanded by Santa Anna in person, and strongly entrenched in what they deemed an impregnable position. The plan and event of this battle presented a novelty in the history of warlike achievements. All the particulars of the general order directing the plan of the engagement were carried out with a promptness and precision that more resembled the parade of a review than the murderous conflict of battle. English journals have spoken of it with unqualified admiration. All the varied events of the battle seem to have been contemplated by the General-in-Chief before its occurrence, with the same correctness as if they had already taken place.

After this battle we find the army steadily progressing, as fast as its means allowed, towards the grand objective of the prolonged tragedy. Here let us pause a moment and contemplate. In the heart of a great republic, with 8,000,000 inhabitants, we see a little army of 7,000 effective troops only, unhesitatingly led onward to sit down before a strongly fortified capital, enclosing a population of 300,000. Just outside of this city there waits to oppose them an army whose numbers are variously estimated from 30,000 to 60,000, strongly entrenched in positions carefully selected within sight of their own homes, and animated with the thirst for revenge, and the prospect of the final struggle for all that the human heart prizes most highly—their wives, their altars, and their homes. Without the least hesitation this diminutive force, wearied and jaded by a long and harassed march, a large portion of them, too, raw recruits, who had never before seen an enemy, were led up to these fortifications, defend-

ed by five times their own numbers, with the most abundant appliances of artillery and ammunition, and ordered to carry them by storm.

Such is an imperfect statement of the circumstances of the battles under the walls of Mexico.

All will allow, whatever may be their individual opinions in regard to the character or probable results of this war, that this recent victory, under the walls of Mexico, is one of the most brilliant achievements of ancient or modern heroism.

Seldom does a single campaign afford an opportunity for three so signal and decisive triumphs as the capture of Vera Cruz, the victory of Cerro Gordo, and the almost utter annihilation of the Mexican army at Centenas and Churubusco.

A feeble man, or an unskillful General, could not have accomplished all this. It may be argued by some very logical and very discriminating minds, that because Gen. Scott's subordinate officers and private soldiers have behaved gallantly in executing his orders, and carrying out the plans of the campaign, that, therefore, Gen. Scott himself is deserving of no credit. We recollect hearing this profound reasoning applied to the discussion of Gen. Taylor's merits after the battle of Buena Vista; and it struck us then, that the legitimate, logical sequence from such premises would be, that a General must do all the fighting, as well as all the planning, or else deserve no commendation.

A New Enterprise in Literature.

We have this week received the first number of a periodical publication recently commenced in Boston by J. M. Whittemore, 114 Washington street, and called the *DAUGHTER-REVUE*. "Its mechanical execution is superior to anything we have before seen in a similar publication." So says the Boston Recorder, and so say we. It is to be made up chiefly of selections from the periodical publications of England, France, and Germany. It will thus be seen that it is somewhat on the plan of Little and Payson's Living Age, which has secured so extensive patronage, and so deserved popularity. A very marked advantage, however, which it has over the Age is this, that while that is composed entirely of selections from English periodicals, this goes further, and embraces, in addition to the English, the periodical literature of the Continent. All those who love solid and substantial reading, which will be at the same time lively and entertaining, will find in the *Daughter-revue* just what they want. One number of it is worth all the stories of Ingraham, Buntline, Hazell and Co., that could be piled between "down east" and sundown. It is published every other Saturday, and can be obtained of Col. Macomber, at his store in this place, and at his periodical depot, West Thompson. It is something to know that about twenty-five regular subscribers are already obtained in this town.

"Eureka, Eureka."

This was the celebrated exclamation of Archimedes when he had discovered the solution of the problem of the crown given him by Hiero. It is also the name of a monthly journal just now commencing its second volume, under very flattering auspices, and published at No. 5 Wall st., New York, by Kingsley & Piersson. Its object is to give a brief account of all valuable inventions and discoveries. It gives a list of all patents recently secured, with a statement of the claims of the patentees. For mechanics and others taking an interest in such matters, it must be exceedingly valuable.

FROM TEXAS. The steamship Yacht, Capt. Crane, arrived at New Orleans on the 14th inst., from Galveston, bringing dates to the close of the past week.

The news says that the house of Wm. Hendley & Co., Galveston have now under contract five large packet ships to constitute a regular line between that city and New York. They are in the progress of construction in Portland, Me. Their capacity will be about 1000 bales of cotton each.

The canvass for Governor of the State is carried on with considerable spirit.—Gen. Wood, who distinguished himself at Monterrey, is a candidate; so is Mr. Van Zandt, whose name is inseparably connected with the negotiations for the annexation of Texas. There are other candidates in the field.

The Texas editors are daily expecting to hear of the arrival of Col. Hays's regiment at Mier. He left San Antonio de Bexar on the 13th ult.

The Houston Star says a large number of Mexican families have removed from the Rio Grande to that town, and others are expected to follow them this season. These families, however possess but little property, and appeared to have removed from Mexico to avoid the oppressive exactions of the numerous guerrilla parties that now infest all the eastern States of Mexico. According to their representations, the people in the valley of the Rio Grande are in a deplorable condition.

The Star learns that Bexar is not the only town that has been benefited by the emigration from Mexico. Laredo, which has enjoyed comparative security since the ranging company of Gen. Lamar has been stationed there, seems to be slowly recovering its former prosperity. We have been informed that its population is now even greater than that of Bexar, and it is estimated that not less than five thousand souls are now residing in the town and the neighboring settlements. The number of Mexican voters that will be polled in Western Texas, at the election in November next, is estimated at about three thousand.

The Austin Democrat mentions the arrival, at San Antonio from Camargo, of Mr. Moses Evans, in company with the two Mr. Meade, who were so distinguished for their kindness to the Santa Fe prisoners at Guadalupe. They brought with them their property and families, with the intention of permanently settling.

The drought has seriously injured the Texas corn and cotton crops.

NOT BAD.—A barber in New Haven gave notice last week that all baggage in his shop was at the risk of the owner, especially umbrellas.

From the Boston Atlas.

ITALY.

The intelligence from Rome and the Italian States was among the most interesting of foreign news received by the Britannia. The noble firmness evinced by the Pope entitles him to the admiration and the warmest sympathies of every friend to progress and human freedom.—The fervent prayers and the best wishes of all lovers of liberty and light will ascend all over the world, in behalf of this bold and noble champion of Italian freedom and the rights of man. We sincerely trust he may be able to sustain himself and defend his people from Austrian oppression and invasion.

As every thing relating to the position of things in Italy is read with interest, we offer no apology for giving below the last and best account, up to the latest moment, of the affairs in Rome. We translate it from the *Marseilles Semphore*, of the 25th of August.

"We have later accounts from Italy and Rome by the last steamer. The *Livorno Courier* gives no new occurrences in the Roman States, and there is nothing to confirm the report that a collision had taken place between the Austrian troops and the people, as rumored of late in Marseilles. The tranquility has not been interrupted, but judging from the state of mind and the indignation of the people, it may yet happen that the odious system of provocation practised by Austria, will terminate, some day, in disorders, which the crafty and wicked policy of that power will seek to turn to its advantage.—Austria is waiting for a pretext to justify in the eyes of Europe the grand blow which it is meditating against the independence of the Italian States. It is earnestly to be hoped that she may yet be disappointed in this expected gratification—for the time is not far distant when the work of reform and progress will be so much advanced in some of these States, that they will be able openly to defy the ill will of Austria, and all the absolute powers of Europe.

The Roman government is pursuing, with equal activity and intelligence, the arming of the Civic Guard, that bugbear of Austria. It has sent to France, Lopez, Captain of the artillery, for the purpose of buying ten thousand muskets. The citizens are offering him arms on all sides.—and more than ten thousand young volunteers have offered their services to repel invasion. Signor Aziglio is on the point of setting out for Romagna, charged with full power by the Pope, to organize resistance in case of necessity. The enthusiasm is at its height in Rome, and recently the Cardinal Ferretti, on seeing the National Guard manoeuvre at the country house of the Prince Pignatelli, exclaimed: I would willingly march at the head of those brave youths, and I would not hesitate to take command of them in person, on the field of battle." The spirit of patriotism and energy which animates the holy father and his principal counsellors, has spread itself not only among the people, but even in the minds of ecclesiastics. A letter from Rome speaks of the proposed organization of a battalion of priests and monks, and it is an admitted fact, that a large number of the clergy make a daily practice of familiarizing themselves to the use of fire arms.

The Pope never speaks but with profound contempt, of the insolent violator of treaties, the oppressor of Italy, and of so many nations, who bend beneath her iron yoke. He rides about the city on a white mule, which he purchased in Florence, and displays to his loyal and faithful subjects, a countenance which is irradiated by the calmness of good conscience, and the deep feeling of his rights, and of his strength. We are informed that M. Rossi having offered his mediation upon the subject of the affair at Ferrara, he replied that he considered himself outraged, and that he should not be satisfied with an ordinary arrangement, but that he intended to insist upon having full and complete satisfaction. Indeed, if the soul of an Alexandria or a Julius beats in the bosom of Pius IX, he can, without fear, having the right on his side, so far from having to submit to Austria, dictated to her his own conditions. The Pope is still the greatest and the highest moral power of our day: we know not how far the influence of this power may extend, and if Pius IX, in his indignation against his country's tyrants, should make the attempt, who can foresee the consequences of this holy warfare of mind against brute force? No doubt, in the crusade that would be preached at this critical moment, more than half Italy would follow with enthusiasm, the watch-word from Rome, only to deliver itself from the other half. Even admitting the guilty neutrality of the French government in this quarrel in which all the principles of our revolution are at stake, it is easy to see that in the end, the cause of justice must triumph.

Austria cannot deceive itself upon this point, and it is doubtless for this reason that the Pope is so calm and serene, while Austria is alarmed by the reforms and the impulse given by this excellent prince to liberal ideas. But whatever she may do, whether she remain quiet or whether she decides to act, the event cannot but be against her, and it will be a just punishment for her tyranny and her crimes."

A TOUCHING INCIDENT. The New Orleans Picayune says that a few days since a gentleman of that city saw in the streets, "a lovely little girl of tender years standing on the banquettes bathed in tears. The good man approached her, and taking her by the hand inquired the cause of her anguish.—The dear little creature continued to sob bitterly, until at length she exclaimed, "My father and mother have been taken to Heaven, and I am left an orphan." There were three or more persons by at the time, and the eloquent words of the engaging little one brought tears from every eye. The worthy gentleman who first addressed her, said a few kind words with a view of relieving her, and then said: "I will be to you a father, and my wife (and no man has a better one) will greet you with a mother's smiles." He took her by the hand and carried her to his residence. This is an achievement, on the field of mercy, of which any good man should be proud."

The deaths from fever in New Orleans, are decreasing in number.

THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT AND THE MURDER OF THE DUCHESS OF PRASLIN.—In the account of this tragical event, published in our last, we noticed that legal proceedings had been commenced against several of the public journals of Paris, for remarks, connecting the government with the murder. We were somewhat at a loss to know in what manner the Government of France could be connected with the affair. The following article from the *Liverpool Mercury*, embracing, as it does, the remarks of the *Paris National*, gives us light upon the subject, and presents to our view the fact, that the classes most intimately connected with the government, are devoid of high moral and religious principle—that they are rotten in their ripeness—and that we may expect still more fearful results:

The state of public feeling excited in Paris by the murder of the Duchess of Praslin, is a striking revelation of the sandy foundation upon which the France of July rests. Where, but in a society reposing upon the brink of a volcano, could such an event be attributed, by the all but unanimous voice of the people, to the spirit fostered by the government of the country? Had an atrocity of this character been committed in England, we should no more have thought of holding our rulers in any way responsible for it, than of accusing them of having been accessory to the last solar eclipse. In France it is different. Everybody there turns to Louis Philippe and his Ministry, saying: "See what you have done. This is the result of your regime. Public plunder and private assassination in high places are the natural growth of your administration." And this cry the Government cannot afford to despise as insane. They are compelled to take it as a serious. Their organs reason and their *Promoteur* General prosecute. Already have legal proceedings been instituted against four journals—the *Gazette de France*, *Charivari*, *Reforme*, and *Union Monarchique*—and the *National* puts in its claim to share the honors of martyrdom in these terms:—

"What we have said, and what we repeat is, that the society you have composed around you betrays its morals and its ideas by its acts, and that those acts are hideous. Have you, Ministers, no share in that? Look at the examples given by you and the doctrines you have inculcated. As Ministers, you have regarded truth as a mockery. As governors, you have been influenced by a factions spirit. You, being corrupt, could maintain yourselves solely by corruption.—You could not exist but by denying your faith in great actions. You have laid it under the feet of Prince Metternich. It was for your advantage, in order to arrest all attempts at action, to waste the finances, and you have squandered them. You have supported those practices by maxims the most exciting to cupidity.—And you are astonished that this abominable system should have engendered vice and crime amongst those who received its first contact! Not that society, fortunately confined within a circle, from which the population shrinks with disgust, that society is yours. You have cultivated, cherished and excited it. It belongs and is united to you by the most tender bonds. It is the offspring of your ideas. And the press is not permitted to denounce the infamy, nor demonstrate the relationship, nor evoke public execration upon you!"

That the bloody and brutal crime, which facts so incontestably bring home to the Duke of Praslin, should have roused the moral indignation of an entire people, might have been expected. But that that indignation should fly off from the individual murderer, and settle on the King's Ministry, is a social phenomenon which cannot be accounted for, as the vagary of a restless and highly population, whose judgment always follows with unequal steps in the rear of their imagination. The fact denotes a foregone conclusion on the part of the French public, which it is fearful to contemplate. It evinces a popular distrust of the institutions of the country, and a popular skepticism in the good faith, honor, and moral principle of those by whom they are administered, which are absolutely incompatible with the continued subsistence of the relations which, in modern society, must exist between the governed and the governing power. Deep-rooted and all-pervading must be the disaffection that can find food convenient for its appetite in such a circumstance as that on which the political mind of Paris has fastened so greedily. And a government that reels and staggers in presence of the phantasma, must have substantial sins to answer for. The Dynasty may well tremble. The voice of Paris says, and says truly, "This cannot last."

BURNING FORESTS.—The forest of Denner, in Prussia, caught fire on the 29th of July last, and had continued burning until the 21st of August, that is to say, twenty-three days, notwithstanding the immense efforts which had been made to conquer the fire. More than five hundred peasants have been necessarily at work in cutting a broad zone of the forest, and digging broad and deep ditches, to stop the progress of the flames, but in vain; the fire crossed the space deprived of trees, and communicated with the rest of the wood, which at the above mentioned date was in full conflagration. All hope of extinguishing the fire was lost, at the last accounts. It has continued a length of time unexampled in forest annals. The forest of Denner belongs to the State. The total of the trees it contained at the moment the fire broke out was estimated at 7,000,000 of fathoms (25,200,000 fathoms). The forest of Raulheims, situated not far from the forest of Denner, has also recently been consumed by fire, and the fine forest of the lands of Spillhau was also burning.

NAVAL. U. S. schr. *Gallatin*, of the Coast survey, arrived at Boston on Saturday, last from the Vinyard.

The U. S. ship *Jamestown*, Comdr Mercer, bearing the broad pennant of Com. Bolton, was towed down to Hampton Roads Saturday afternoon, by the steamer *Georgia*, and proceeded to sea. Destination, the coast of Africa.

ABD-EL-KADER AND THE EMPEROR OF MOROCCO.—The *Journal des Debats* publishes the following letter, dated Tetuan, the 9th inst., containing some curious details relative to Abd-el-Kader and the Emperor Abderrahman:—"Abd-el-Kader, whose power was supposed to be ruined, has suddenly arisen from his inactivity and menaces the throne of Muley Abderrahman. The Emperor, who had received him into his dominions with a certain appearance of benevolence, and who treated him with a degree of respect of which we had a right to complain, now perceives, perhaps too late, that he has been warning a serpent in his bosom, as he himself said when he learned the movements of the ex-Emir. Since Abd-el-Kader has removed his mask he has observed no restraint. He treats the Rif as a conquered country, and executes razzias amongst the tribes who refuse to acknowledge his authority. His razzias troops and levies taxes, and a short time after his last exploit against Sidi Ahmed, the late governor of the Rif, he attacked the great tribe of the Khalecia, whom he has pillaged in a most pitiless manner. He emptied their corn stores, and required moreover a large sum in money. Thence he marched towards the territory of the Beni-Tousin, and, after having degraded the chief of that tribe, who endeavored to oppose his influence, he approached Taza, bringing in his suit innumerable flocks of cattle, and a large supply of wheat and barley. The ranks of his army are every day filling, and he has already 8000 men under his command, of whom 3000 are cavalry. The tribe of the Malsas, one of the most powerful of the Rif, and which is completely devoted to him, has supplied him with 800 cavalry fully equipped.—Abd-el-Kader feels himself sufficiently powerful openly to brave the Emperor, and he has succeeded in inspiring his troops with that degree of confidence which leads to victory. On his side, Muley Abderrahman is making extensive preparations, and we are assured that he is determined to meet the Emir in person. He has collected a large quantity of military stores at Rabat and at Fez, and for some time past his regular troops have been exercised in firing at a target in the various cities of the empire. He has likewise ordered that all the renegades in his dominions shall be formed into one regiment, and sent to Fez. It appears, however, that the Emperor will not undertake any expedition until after the fast of the Rhamadan, which is about to commence. He quitted the city of Morocco a month since, and has not yet arrived at Fez. He has left Abd-el-Sadek, the new governor of the Rif, without instructions, who is in consequence unable to make any movement.

The tragical death of Sidi Ahmed, his predecessor, renders him circumspect, and he dares not attack Abd-el-Kader. Sidi Ahmed, the son of the Emperor, the same who commanded the Moorish army at Isly, has shut himself up within the walls of Fez, and is impatiently waiting the orders of his father. Muley Soliman, the Emperor's second son, who was to have replaced his father at Morocco, during his absence, has abandoned that capital and has proceeded towards Fez. All these marches and counter-marches, which demonstrate the anxiety of Abderrahman, have inspired Abd-el-Kader with joy. Whilst the perspective of this war caused the Emperor of Morocco serious uneasiness, the Moors have another subject of fear. Muley Abderrahman, on quitting his capital, declared that his subjects should long remember his journey. Before he quitted his capital he commanded that 300 persons should be decapitated, and that 40 more should be mutilated by cutting off their hands and feet. Wherever he passes he orders numerous executions, and strews the road with dead bodies. A general consternation prevails, and the inhabitants of the towns through which he is expected to pass expect his arrival with indescribable anguish. The prisons of Fez are thronged with unfortunate persons charged with entertaining a correspondence with Abd-el-Kader, and the executioners of the Emperor will have full occupation on their entrance into that capital. The most revolting feature of these atrocities is, that they are committed through avarice. Muley Abderrahman is about to undertake, and in order to spare his own treasures he murders and robs his unfortunate subjects. Many influential persons suspected of being possessed of wealth would consider themselves fortunate to be suffered to save their lives by the sacrifice of their fortunes in defraying the expenses of the war. In this manner the Emperor has already accumulated considerable wealth, and wagon loads of pistons have been sent to Fez."—*London paper*.

SUCH IS MAN.—Who is rich? He who is contented with his lot.

Who is happy? He who loves every body.

Who is good? He who has the fear of God before him.

How easy then to be rich, happy, honored and good. But yet multitudes, in striving for these blessings, take the very steps that are sure to defeat their objects. In getting riches they find no end to their desires. In striving for happiness they hate every body who does not follow in the steps they have chosen. In gaining honors they push themselves forward, crowding aside the most worthy, until they have outstripped themselves and sink in their desire for goodness they forsake the source of all good, and hug the most evil passions to their bosoms.

Thus is poor feeble man. He labors for what he can never obtain, and at last dies with "vanity—all is vanity" upon his lips.

The simple path is the true path. The humble walk is where heaven's blessings are showered. They who are meek and humble live nearest to the truth, and receive the richest blessings.

Six States, Maine, New Hampshire, Connecticut, New York, Ohio, Indiana, have requested and instructed their representatives in Congress to vote in favor of Whitney's Rail Road to the Pacific.

TOO GRATEFUL.—A man whose house was recently destroyed by fire, publishes a card, in which he thanks his fellow citizens for making an unsuccessful attempt to save his furniture, and expresses a hope that he may soon have an opportunity to reciprocate the favor!

From the Boston Atlas.

Mount St. Bernard.

In my last of 1st inst. from Martigny, I partly promised to give you a sketch of our visit to Mount St. Bernard, and passage over the mountains, in Italy. As I once before stated, we journey at such a rapid rate, and having but little time to write, which I do in haste, I fear my letters are hardly worth the reading, and devoid of that interest which more leisure and thought might give them. However a plain narrative, imperfect as it is, may be better than nothing.

Resting from our days journey from the foot of Mount Blanc one night, we were early in the morning seated in the little *char-a-banc*, drawn by a mule, and driven by a guide, taking a saddle with us for Mrs. W. to ride when we should have the *char*. The whole distance to the summit of the mountain is about 30 miles, the first 18 of which the narrow road as far as the *char* goes, gradually ascends, winding along the steep mountain sides, and following the course of the valleys and river, which presents a beautiful panorama below, with villages, chalets and fields, the latter of which extends high up, touching almost the regions of snow.—The impetuous Dranse, fed from the snows and glaciers of St. Bernard and its neighbors, by three branches, totally destroyed, in 1595, the village of Bagnes, with 140 lives, by an inundation. Another one occurred in 1818, which spread ruin as far as Martigny. Near Liddes, where we changed, and left our *char*, the most beautiful valley and view I ever beheld, presented itself. We were about 1500 feet above the bottom, and 3500 above the sea. The valley seemed almost entirely shut in by the lofty mountains, their steep sides rising abruptly from the bottom covered with regular oblong square fields, of different shades of color, light brown predominating, from the fields of ripe grain. The bottom being not more than a half a dozen square miles, and very fertile, was of a dark rich green, from its entire field of grass, only relieved by the few cottages, most of the inhabitants preferring the mountain sides, which are studded with them. Crowning the valley are the mountain tops, with their fields of snow, and proudly above all, Mount Velan rears its white-crested head 9360 feet above the level of the sea. It is amusing to see the cows at work—some plunging, some harnessed in wagons on the road—some conveying in huge saddle bags of canvas, alike with the mules, the manure to the fields, which are so steep as to require all carriage to and from to be done on the backs of three animals. The women are worked as hard as the brutes—they live wretchedly, and old women of 70 or 80 years of age, together with little children, labor in the fields, with nothing on their heads from the hot sun. When on their way to and from home, their leisure on the roads is occupied in knitting!

I walked up the rugged mule-path, from Liddes, to the Convent of Mount St. Bernard, 12 miles of ascent, occupying 4 hours. Passing the Valley of Stoney, we entered a sterile, rocky valley, nothing relieving the naked mountains of rock around and close to us but a short grass, in patches, here and there, and the fields of snow above. An hour's toilsome ascent brought us over several beds of snow—some 10 to 20 feet deep, in sight of the Convent, which we reached at 5 o'clock. We were received at the door by two of the celebrated monks, and a young, sprightly looking monk, dressed in the long black robe and cap of the order. The mule and guide were provided for, and we were ushered into the Visitors Hall, and soon seated before a blazing fire. A new married couple from Hungary, besides ourselves, were the only visitors this day to be entertained, although there are sometimes a dozen.

There were, however, several peasant travellers on their way to Italy, a numerous class who have separate accommodations, and sometimes number 200 per day. This is the shortest way by a day's travel into Italy, but only practicable for mules and foot travellers. In the year 1800, Napoleon, when he passed over here with his 60,000 men, employed 61 men to each canon, in drawing them up. A monument is erected in the Convent to Gen. Desaix, who fell just after, in the battle of Marengo.

The building is of two stories—at one end is the chapel, well furnished with a handsome altar, numerous paintings, sculpture, and an organ—one part is devoted to the cells, eating room, and the apartments of the monks, another to the apartments for visitors and the basement to the kitchen and sleeping-rooms, with a dozen beds in each, for the common traveller. One of the out buildings in the dead-house, in which are placed, without shroud or coffin, exposed to view through the grated windows, the bodies or travellers that perish by the way. Putrefaction is going on slowly for years, owing to the temperature of these regions. This charnel-house, with the bones and skulls of hundreds on the floor, and the more recent bodies and skeletons grouped around in different positions, presents a strange sight. One group standing against the wall, consisted of a mother and four children.

The height of this convent is 7545 feet above the sea, and is the highest dwelling in the old world—and touches the boundaries of everlasting snow. The thermometer was observed once, on the 1st of August, at one o'clock, P. M., to descend below zero. The convent was founded in the year 968. The present monks, of the order of St. Augustine, are eleven in number. One was killed by an avalanche last winter, a short distance from the house. There are eight dogs, several domestic, a large herd of cows in summer attached to this benevolent institution. It is supported by contributions in the churches of Switzerland, France and Italy, and by the donation visitors and travellers put into the box in the church; nothing being demanded from either, for their entertainment.

Every year, seven or eight thousand persons travel this pass. After being shown the Gallery and Cabinet of Medals—the Library, &c., we were entertained with a good dinner, and after some music on the piano forte (presented by a lady,) and a pleasant conversation with the polished and lively young monk whose duty it is to entertain visitors, we retired to a chamber well provided for the night. In

